

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED FOR THE  
ADVANCEMENT  
OF THE YOUNG.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
EDITOR.

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23.

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# Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN OF THE  
DESERET SUNDAY  
SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XXXVIII.

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No. 23.

## ACROSS CANADA.

**T**HE interest in this country over what is going on in Canada is increasing with remarkable rapidity. Through all the north-western states, people are reading everything that is said about our neighbors

and their country on the north. As there are already numbers of our people in the Dominion, we too are anxious to know all that we can about a country to which so many are emigrating.

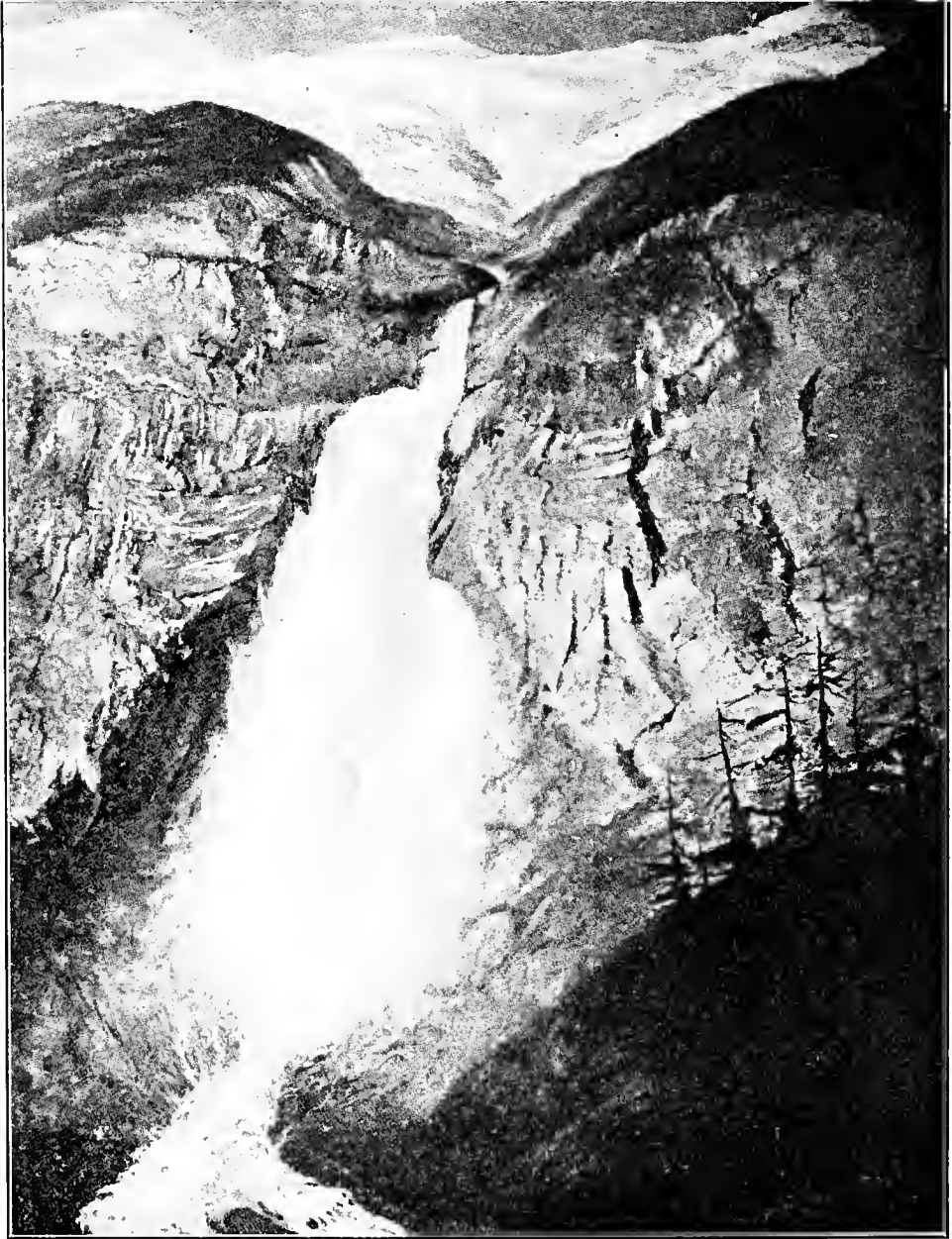
In the first place, Canada is a much



THE MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

larger country than many have supposed. We have come to think of it as a small narrow strip along the Canadian Pacific railroad where nearly all of its people have settled; and until a few years ago,

we thought of Canada as a small country just north of our New England states. In reality it has a greater area of square miles than the United States, if we exclude Alaska and our recent possessions.



TAKAKAW FALLS, THE HIGHEST CATARACT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA\*

Its total area is something like three million four hundred and fifty six thousand three hundred and eighty three square miles; that is almost five hundred thousand square miles larger than the United States.

The population of Canada is now somewhere about six million, and would have been still greater had not a million of Canadian birth come over to the United States to make their homes here. The tide of emigration, however, is changing; today many more people are going to Canada from the United States than are going from Canada into the United States. The emigration from that country into this is chiefly from the province of Quebec, whose Canadian French go to work in the factories of New England. Since we have learned how valuable the lands of the North West Territories are, people by scores of thousands are going from our farming districts into the north. We have been very greatly surprised by the value of that country to agriculture. For more than a century, no one knew about it but the Hudson Bay Trading Company; and they were anxious to keep settlers out and, therefore, circulated untruthful reports about the country whose enormous area they kept for their own hunting and trapping grounds.

A railroad was built by the aid of the government from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from that time, about 1885-6, Canada has been undergoing more remarkable changes than any other country in the world. It is full of uncalculated resources; its opportunities are wonderful; and thousands of men have grown rich in a short time and have, therefore, created something of a panic that is felt when some rich mines are discovered. The cause of the panic, however, in Canada is not rich mines, but its great agricultural, stockraising, and dairying possibilities.

Thirty years ago, Canada exported about two million bushels of wheat; during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1903, her export of wheat was \$24,566,000.00. Thirty years ago Canada exported hardly a million dollars worth of cheese: the last fiscal year her exports of cheese amounted to \$24,712,000.00. Not so much attention has been paid to butter, yet Canada exported last year \$6,000,000.00 worth of this article. Our colonists in that country are making very little cheese and butter because it pays so much better to raise wheat and there is nothing like the trouble that there is in making butter and cheese. It is really curious to see people going without butter, milk, and cream that they need in a country where it could be so easily had in such abundance.

In the eastern part of Canada, great manufacturing establishments have been built and many more are in process of erection. Millions of dollars of American capital are now being invested in the Dominion, and the business relations between this country and Canada are becoming quite intimate. All through our northern states, people are talking about Canada and its agricultural resources; in the north-eastern states, capitalists are sending their money to Canada which also is now employing great numbers of our skilled artisans.

While so much is said about that country in the press and private conversation, it is proposed in a series of articles to follow, to take the readers across the country and give them an account of what is going on there, and of what the country is like.

*J. M. Tanner.*



Better it is to battle with the gale  
Than drift o'er glassy seas with listless sail.

*Louis A. Robertson.*

## GREAT IDEAS IN EMBRYO.

**T**HE truth of the rule that great inventions attain their development through the brains of many men will be illustrated by a novel and interesting exhibit which the Patent Office at Washington is preparing for the St. Louis fair. The exhibit is designed to represent so far as possible by models the first thing of its kind in every line of human invention.

Among other things there will be a model of the first cast-iron plow, which was patented by Charles Newbold in 1797. The first screw propeller, which was invented by Robert Hook in 1680, will also be shown by model. It will be news to many that the screw propeller was thought of so long ago.

The invention of the steamboat is credited to Robert Fulton, yet in the eighteenth century Denis Papin launched on the Fulda, in Germany, a boat that was run by steam. It is a matter of historical record that the river bargemen smashed Papin's boat because they feared it would injure their business.

Likewise included in the exhibit will be a reproduction of the first printing-press and the earliest harvesting-machine. This latter dates back to 150 B. C. It was a light, two-wheeled vehicle of wood with a pair of shafts, between which an ox was harnessed with its head toward the wagon. The ox pushed the

cart, on the front of which was arranged a series of long knives. As the ox walked along, the knives cut off the heads of the standing grain. The severed heads fell into the wagon, and by the ingenious plan of having the ox push the cart instead of drawing it, the grain was not trampled beforehand.

There will be a model of the first locomotive ever built, and another representing the earliest steam-engine, which was exhibited at the Serapeum, in Alexandria, Egypt, about 130 B. C.

The earliest typewriter, patented in 1842, and the earliest practical sewing-machine are also to be represented.

*Selected.*



### BUT ONCE.

"I pass this way but once,"  
Let me not fail  
To answer e'en a faint,  
A half-caught hail.

To reach out hand to hand,  
Stretched forth for aid;  
To share my source of strength  
With one afraid.

To smile when smiles appeal,  
To weep with grief,  
I pass but once, and pause  
But moment brief.

*Selected.*



## UTAH VALLEY.

**W**E had traveled through the beautiful valley many times, but had experienced the disadvantage of seeing this natural paradise only by bits.

"How would you like to see it as the eagle does soaring in yonder clouds?" I asked. The suggestion aroused my companion.



"Let's see it in just that way," said he, I laughed.

"Oh! you needn't think I am going to imitate Darius Green. What would be the use of wings when there is such a lofty mountain near us?"

"Why didn't we think of that before?"

To decide a matter is to put it into execution. At four o'clock the following morning we were climbing to peak east of Provo. The day had just dawned. Faint streaks of light gave a rosy tint to the clouds. Anon, bright streams from the sun could be seen pouring through the gaps of the Wasatch mountains.

Our path lay in the shadow of the peak. During intervals the valley below us would undergo transformations of light and color. The air was cool and bracing. As we labored up the steep ascent, we assisted ourselves by clinging to roots and twigs.

The sounds from the valley came to our ears distinct though faint and subdued. The rumbling of approaching trains, the clanging of bells, and the tooting of whistles, mingled with the bark of dogs and the rattle of the early wagons were all music to our ears.

Around us twittered the birds in the scrub oaks and occasionally a squirrel scampered out of sight. "Six thirty," announced Tom. "How much farther to the top?" "Just half way up!" you say, "Yes sir!" "Well doesn't it deceive one in this clear atmosphere?" Will take us nearer five hours than one, as you inferred when we started. The sun in due time came up and drew the perspiration from us in great drops, and we were well nigh exhausted when we reached our destination; sheltered from its searching rays under a cone-shaped pine, we then faced the scene before us.

Utah valley is picturesque to the tourist who flies through on the fast mail. Imagine then what must it have been to

us who beheld its glories at one glance. Naturally the Utah Lake first solicited our attention with its natural mirror, revealing the Oquirrh mountains upside down, and with a wide belt of bulrushes and flags surrounding three sides of it, as by a frame.

Abruptly on the west rise the Oquirrh mountains partially covered with cedars of inferior quality, with sagebrush to fill up the intervening spaces.

The valley proper presents a vast change to the eye from what it must have appeared fifty years ago. Then the dull and arid stretches of country were relieved only by cottonwood zig-zagging across the valley towards the lake, and representing the feeble streams flowing out of a dozen canyons in the Wasatch mountains with now and then a patch of natural meadow.

But how great the contrast when this desert became like unto a garden of Eden! From Santaquin, thirty miles on the south, to Jordan narrows, twenty-five on the north, is one continuous garden—nature's checkerboard or "crazy-quilt." All the tints are here from the silver white of the lake on which the sun is pouring its effulgence, through all the shades of green to the dull brown seared grass on the hillsides. In fact all the colors of the rainbow multiplied in variety a hundred fold are seen in meadow, field, and plain.

Beneath us lies Provo, the "garden city" of Utah; its regular streets lined with poplars; its neat brick cottages nestling amid fruitful orchards; its public buildings—the Tabernacle; Woolen-mills; the four public schools; the Brigham Young Academy; also many business blocks. Surrounding the city are farms and meadows, all suggesting thrift and energy. These with three railroad tracks half circling and cutting through the city combine to make a rare and

picturesquescene, a scene once witnessed never to be forgotten.

Interspersed along to the south of us are Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Salem, Benjamin, Lake Shore, all rural gems. Although we know the streets are regular we cannot detect them. The chimneys seem to lie in irregular shapes among the trees.

On the north are Pleasant Grove, American Fork, and Lehi. The Oquirrh on the west have a hue indicative of metals. The Wasatch rising abruptly

from the plain on the east unite with the Oquirrh on the north and south extremities of the valley forming an irregular oval.

Thus did we revel in a picture painted by God's own hand, and after gazing for hours at the beauty of mountain and valley, we wondered why so much time and money should be spent in far off Switzerland, when at our very doors nature has spread out scenes as charming and sublime as any that the famous Alps look down upon.

*M. I. Bushman.*



## CURRENT TOPICS.

### THE LARGEST PRINTING OFFICE IN THE WORLD.



OUR national government runs the largest printing office, public or private, in the world. It has just erected an enormous building at the cost of \$2,500,000 for the accommodation of our great printing plant. The floor space of this building reaches a total area of fourteen acres, and four years have been employed in its erection. At the present time the employees are moving the machinery and printing apparatus from the old building to the new.

Our government employs in the printing of its voluminous reports four thousand persons, and the cost of maintaining this establishment is something like \$6,000,000 per year. Here tons and tons of books are printed every year, the great majority of which are of no practical use in the world. Volume after volume of statistics and tables that no-

body reads are turned out of this great printing house. Congressmen, too, can have the speeches printed which they either did or did not deliver in Congress, and sent out to their constituents free.

It is gratifying to learn that it is the intention of the management to put in modern machinery. It is frequently said that if our government printing house was run on the same basis as private institutions, it would collapse for want of funds in six months. It is strange that so progressive a government as ours would go on with printing presses so old-fashioned, and methods so antiquated year after year at such an enormous and unnecessary expense to the government.

Our government printers have their labor union also; and their expulsion recently of assistant foreman Miller from their union shows how government business may be handicapped and made very



expensive by union methods. The International Brotherhood of Bookbinders declared that the binding of ten volumes of a certain kind of book per day constituted a day's work. Mr. Miller, in disregard of this rule of the union, insisted upon the binding of from twelve to fourteen volumes per day while he was in the service of the government. For this offense he was expelled from the union, and later dismissed from the government service. His case created some sensation because he was reinstated by order of the President, who declared that a man could not be dismissed from government employ because he did not belong to a union. Mr. Miller considered his request a fair day's work, and insisted that what a man ought to do in a day should be regulated by the employer, even though it be the government.



#### AN INTERESTING PENSION REPORT.

THE Pension Bureau of our country is under the Department of the Interior; and Pension Commissioner Ware has just made a report to the Secretary of the Interior for the year ending June 30, 1903. Since the close of the Civil War in 1865, our government has paid out for pensions including the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, \$2,942,178,145, and in addition to this \$95,647,934 in maintaining the pension service, or, in other words, it has cost the latter amount to distribute the pensions which our soldiers have been receiving during the past thirty-eight years. The Commissioner estimates that the Revolutionary War cost this country \$7,000,000 in pensions; the War of 1812 \$6,234,414; the war with Mexico \$33,483,309; the War of the Rebellion \$2,878,240,400; and the recent war with Spain \$5,479,268, mak-

ing a total for pensions of \$3,308,623,590.

The great expense of distributing the pension fund to those who are really entitled to it may be seen from the fact that our government, after examination, rejected 113,794 applicants last year; 90,916 of these were rejected upon medical grounds wherein the physicians found that no physical disability existed; 81,107 were for increase of pension, but no increased disabilities were found. One is surprised to learn that the recent Spanish War has put 12,862 on the pension list. The Spanish War pension list last year cost \$1,738,446; for the year just ended June 30, 1903, it reached \$2,204,084. Commissioner Ware discovers that he has in his office five hundred employees over sixty years old. He thinks some provision by way of pensions ought to be made for superannuated clerks.



#### HE ANSWERED ADVERTISEMENTS.



MAN who answered advertisements in cheap "story papers" has had some interesting experiences, says an exchange. He learned that by sending one dollar to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. Sure enough he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it." Later on he sent fifty, two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull." Being young he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." It was a little rough, but he was a patient man, and thought he would yet succeed. Next advertisement

he answered read, "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them and he would see his money doubled. Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and he got a package of needles. He was slow to learn, so he sent one dollar to find out "How to get

rich." "Work like the devil and never spend a cent." And that stopped him, but his brother wrote to find out how to write a letter without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid one dollar to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card to "Fish for suckers as we do."



### NOTES ON PALESTINE.

**T**HE surface of this land is diversified with mountains and plains, the climate varies in different places; though from Tripoli to Sidon, the country is much colder than the coast extending to the North and to the South, the seasons are also less regular. The same statement is also applicable to the mountain region of Judea, where the vegetable productions mature later than those of the sea coast, or in the region of Gaza. From the mountain height, the air of Saphet in Galilee is cool and delightful, so that during the summer heat the air is not so very oppressive, though at the foot of Mount Tabor, and in the plain of Jericho, it is intense. Generally speaking, however, the atmosphere is mild, the summers usually dry, and very hot, but the intensely hot days are frequently succeeded by very cold nights; and these sudden changes remind us of the words of the patriarch Jacob to his father-in-law, That in the day the drouth consumed him, and the frost by night (Gen. 31: 40).

In Genesis 8: 22 we read of seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter. Seed time commences at the beginning of October and continues

to the last of November. During the season the weather varies, being very misty and cloudy, with a great downpour of rain. Early in November the autumnal rains begin, then the farmer plows the land, sows the wheat and barley, and gathers the grapes. The rains continue for a number of days in frequent showers. The air at this time is generally warm, sometimes even hot; but is refreshed by cold in the night, that freezes the heavy dews.

At the end of the season the snow begins to fall upon the mountains. Winter is from the beginning of December to the last of January. In the commencement of this season snows rarely fall, except on the mountains, and then seldom continue a whole day. The thin ice formed soon melts away as the day advances. The ground is alternately covered with rain or encrusted with ice, the torrents that sweep down from the mountain sides fill the rivers to overflowing. The winds from the North are exceedingly severe, often proving fatal, and but few who are not acclimated can endure them. Jesus had experienced the delightful weather of summer and tasted the intensely cold weather of winter. He had walked down

the steep, slippery paths on the mountain sides, benumbed with the cold and for this reason he may have told his disciples to pray that their flight might not be in winter (Matt. 24: 20).

During the winter season the hail

The harvest is from the beginning of April to the last of May. The heat in the plain of Jericho is great, but in the other parts of Palestine the heat is tempered by the delightful sea breezes. Generally the rains are preceded by



MOUNT TABOR.

storms are of frequent occurrence, and fatal to man as well as to beast. We read of a great hail storm in Joshua 10: 10, and also of one that destroyed the cattle belonging to the Egyptians (Exod. 9: 18-24).

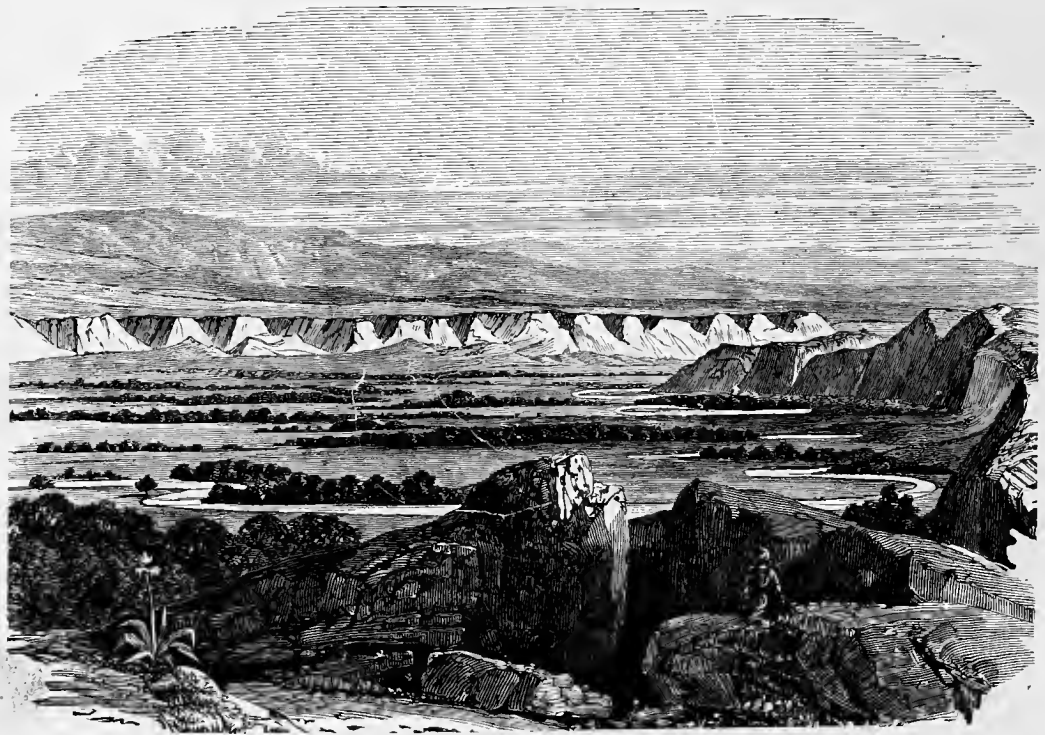
whirlwinds (II Kings 3: 16, 17) that blacken the heavens with sand.

The summer is from the beginning of June to the last of July. The nights are so warm that the people sleep on the housetops in the open air. The hot

season lasts through August and September, and the solar heat often proves fatal (Psal. 121: 6).

During latter part of April the morning cloud appears and is without water. During the months of May, June, July and August no clouds are to be seen, but heavy dews fall at night. As the season advances the beautiful green grass, the herbs and flowers wither and

of the season fails to warm them. Mr. Buckingham who visited the sea states that "The appearance of the lake as seen from Capernaum is still grand; its greatest length runs nearly north and south from twelve to fifteen miles, and its breadth seems to be in general, from six to nine miles. The barren aspect of the mountains on each side, and the total absence of wood, give however, a



THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

die, and no doubt to this condition the Psalmist alludes (Psalm 32).

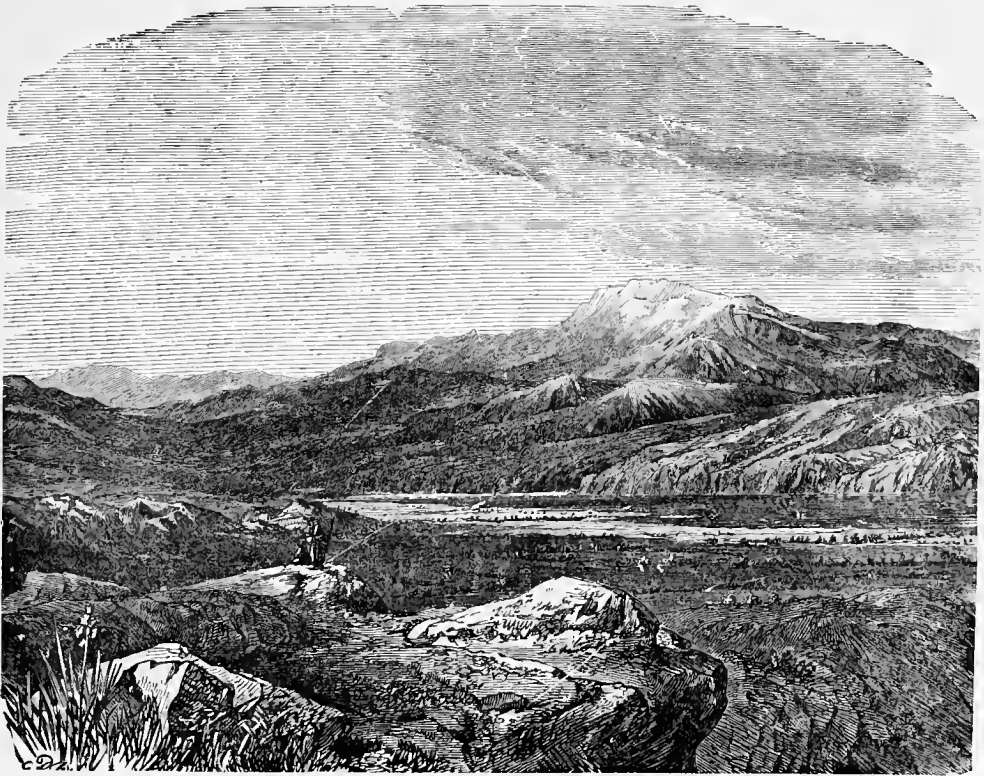
The principal river of Palestine is the Jordan, it flows south into the Dead Sea, its length is one hundred miles. Its waters are generally turbid, with a sweetish taste. The sea of Galilee is sixteen miles long by six miles wide, the waters are sweet and pleasant to the taste, and are softer than fountain water, being so cold that the heat of the sun, during the hottest part

cast of dullness to the picture; and this is increased to melancholy by the dead calm of the waters and the silence which reigns throughout its whole extent."

There are several kinds of fish in the waters, different from those found elsewhere. The fish from the northern part of the lake are most delicious to the taste, and this circumstance may have led Jesus to mention the parable of the net cast into the sea (Matt. 13:

47, 48). Very frequently the wind sweeps over this lake with the force of a hurricane, sweeping down from the mountains, raising a boisterous sea, which the small vessels can scarcely resist. It may have been on such an occasion when the affrighted fishermen saw Jesus in the fourth watch of the night walking toward them upon the waves (Matt. 14: 24-26.)

The waters appear beautifully clear and pure, but are in the highest degree salt, bitter and nauseating. Analysis of the water of the Dead Sea proves the presence of muriatic and sulphuric acids. The specific gravity is such as will enable a person to float on the surface. The land surrounding this lake produces nothing but a few stunted thorns. Near this sea captain Irby found lumps of



THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE DEAD SEA, FROM THE WEST.

Many celebrated writers have written of the lake or sea of Sodom or as it is commonly called, "The Dead Sea." In Deut. 3: 17; 4: 49 it is called the Sea of the Plain, and is situated in the valley where once flourished the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Josephus speaks of it as the lake Asphaltites, from the abundance of bitumen found in it.

nitre and sulphur, as large as a hen's egg. Moses states that "The whole land thereof is brimstone and salt." (Deut. 29: 23). The air is impregnated with the sulphurous and bituminous vapors. Sodom and Gomorrah as well as three other cities were destroyed by fire from heaven because the people of those cities forsook the Lord their God.

The surface of the sea is generally smooth, but is subject to whirlwinds and squalls. The mountains which skirt each side of the valley of the Dead Sea have the appearance of granite and other formations. Bitumen, lava, and pumice stones are found along the lake shore proving that the place has been subject to volcanic action.

Among the most remarkable fountains and wells mentioned in the scriptures are the fountain or pool of Siloam, and Jacob's well. The first mentioned is a fountain proper, six feet wide and intermittent. Some writers claim that it furnished the water on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles. Modern travelers relate that "It is thought to be the same as the 'Fuller's fountain.' Being protected from the sun the waters are cool and clear as crystal. Formerly people washed their clothing in the two pools near by. It is related that people still bathe their eyes with the waters of Siloam in memory of the miracle which Christ performed on the blind man."

Jacob's well, also called the well of Sychar is visited by many, and to them has become an object of veneration, for here the Savior discoursed with the woman of Samaria (John 4: 5-30). Travelers often stop near the rivers and wells as water is sometimes very scarce. We read of Jacob's halting with his family (Gen. 32: 22), and the Is-

raelites assembling near the fountains of Jezreel (I Sam. 29: 1); also David's men waiting for him by the brook Besor (I Sam. 30: 21). No doubt those ancient wells were furnished with conveniences for drawing water, and with troughs for supplying the cattle. Solomon alludes to a wheel employed for the purpose of raising water (Eccl. 12: 6.)

That part of Palestine situated between the Mediterranean Sea and the river Jordan is very mountainous, the principal ranges being Lebanon, Carmel, and Tabor. The Lebanon mountains are principally limestone, on the summits of which are found fossilized fish. Some parts of the summits may be seen from a great distance, and are covered with snow throughout the year. Other portions are well cultivated, producing excellent corn. To these elevated regions Solomon makes a very beautiful allusion: "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon" (Song 4: 15). The mulberry, olive, and fig tree are also cultivated



THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

and an abundance of oil and wine produced. Anciently many stately cedars grew on Lebanon, and were remarkable for their size. We read of some of these trees that were twelve yards in girth,

and thirty-seven yards in the spread of the boughs. At the present time the beautiful cedar trees and the glory of Lebanon are making way for great plantations of vines. *F. Van Cott.*



## RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.



At a recent meeting of the General Board of Religion Classes it was decided to publish in these columns, a series of articles on the origin and growth of the movement, its aims and methods, and the relation which it sustains to the other auxiliary societies in the Church, especially to the Church school system. This plan will no doubt answer the hopes which Religion Class workers everywhere have entertained, and in many cases expressed. So many erroneous ideas regarding the purposes and origin of the work have prevailed among the Saints that something like this is imperatively needed to correct these wrong notions. Then, too, the large and growing body of officers and instructors will have some place to look to for definite and accurate information on the work in which they have enlisted.

In order that this compilation of facts and principles may be both interesting and instructive, and in order, moreover that it may be a source of inspiration to all Religion Class workers, it is desirable that these workers, whether officers or teachers, communicate any information they may have in their possession regarding Religion Class work to the editor of this department of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Any instance you may know of where special and noticeable good has resulted from this work will be appreciated. Now don't say to yourself as you read this, "They don't mean me," or "Some one else will furnish this material anyhow." For we do mean you. When, therefore, you read this, ask yourself whether there is anything you know concerning good that has come from this movement, sit right down, write it, and send it to the Religion Class editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR office, Salt Lake City, Utah. Further, if you think you have a specially good way of reaching the

children, tell us of it. We shall be pleased to have you ask us any questions concerning the movement

Let us be alive in this work. It is great beyond our conception. God is at the foundation. Its field lies with the future men and women of the Church. And our glory consists in directing these aright.



### NECESSITY OF MORAL TEACHING FOR CHILDREN.

Mr. W. L. Houghton, writing in the New York *Sun* under the above heading, says: "Those best qualified to speak on religious teachings are the public school teachers.

"What teacher but remembers the innumerable times in a day he had occasion to teach the difference between right and wrong, the beauty of forgiveness, of purity, the wrong of cheating. In fact, a child's school life is the battlefield where he fights the great battle, victory or defeat, in which makes or blights his whole after life. How much the children would be helped by religious training being introduced as part of the course of study teachers can well testify. The example and teaching of moral ideas combined with a less crowded course of study would give us the well-balanced children necessary to make our republic one of righteousness and strength.

"To teach the children a few hours on Sunday to be good and then neglect this teaching on the other six days is folly. It is as necessary to teach a child to be good by constant repetition as it is to teach him the combination of numbers or to recognize a word at sight. In our present day education we are doing the two latter well because we keep everlastingly at it, but we are failing in our religious teaching because there is no means of keeping everlastingly at it except what is done at home by conscientious parents."



The Rev. Mr. Greer, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, declares that the defects in our national character are due to our public school system. He deplores the absence of religious instruction in our public schools and states that as a result of our malpractice "we are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions. Lynchers, labor agitators, and law-breakers generally are human guide-posts, with arms, hands and fingers wide extended and voices at their loudest, pointing us to the ruin which awaits society if we persevere in the road which we are now taking."

### NOTES.

1. *Choosing Songs*:—A question has been asked whether the stake superintendency might not "fix the hymns to the lessons for the whole stake so that the stake officers might be familiar with what songs are being sung." There is no objection to this plan, providing those who do the selecting keep in mind the subject matter of the lessons and the ability of the instructors in music.

2. *Learning Lessons*:—"Heretofore," says a correspondent, "it has been the understanding that each lesson should not be left until thoroughly learned," and wishes to know if, in adopting the "Outlines," this plan is to be abandoned. Certainly not. The general aim of Religion Class work is, not how much ground can be covered, nor even how well the ground has been covered, but rather have the children been interested and impressed? This idea should never be lost sight of. Our labor is not so much a mind-work, but emphatically a heart-work. Hence the teacher will use his own judgment as to whether it would be profitable to remain longer on a given lesson.

We may add here that whenever the lessons concern "The Lord's prayer," "The ten commandments," and the like, the lesson should not be left until the children have learned it. Even the hymns or songs should be thoroughly learned. On the whole, it is better to learn a few songs thoroughly and appreciate them than to flit hither and thither among many songs without appreciating any. And so, in general, it is with other things.

3. *Time of Class Recitation*:—The "Outlines," say that thirty and forty minutes is long enough for the recitation in the first two grades: and a stake officer asks if this time-limit ap-

plies only to the third and the fourth step. It is intended that this shall apply to the entire time of the recitation—to all the steps, not to the third and fourth. The children should not, on the whole, be kept in session longer than this; for the religion classes are not supposed to take the place of a meeting, but only of a class recitation.

4. *Making Assignments*:—A Religion Class worker asks whether the entire class should be given the lessons or assignments be made to definite members, or the teacher give the lesson himself and afterwards question the pupils. Here again general aims are of the utmost help. Since the classes are organized for the benefit of the children, the more of them who receive benefit, the better. Hence the teacher is to do as little, and the children are to do as much, talking as may be; and the entire class should be encouraged to get all the lessons. This applies not only to the third and fourth steps in particular, but to all the exercises given in the classes.

5. *Religion Class and the Church Schools*:—It seems not to be generally known that Religion Class work is part of the Church school system of education. Were this system in perfect operation, there would be a Church school in every ward throughout Zion. Since this, however, in our present condition, is impossible, the next best thing is done—classes in religion are organized wherever they can be, to be held at the close of the district schools. The design is to have, not one recitation a week as now, but five; though through stress of circumstances, this idea has been held in abeyance. Nevertheless, this is the condition that the Religion Class officers and teachers should keep in mind. We have heard of several wards where two recitations a week are held, and one ward—Mantua, Box Elder Stake—where there are five recitations. Such is the spirit of the movement.

6. *Dividing the Work*.—It has been the custom in some wards for the superintendents to divide the work up among the instructors giving one the first step, another the second step, and so on. There can be no objection to this, provided all the teachers are present at every meeting; but we have known classes in which the interest has been almost destroyed by the absence of teachers who had been assigned the third and fourth steps. The lessons are very short, and we suggest that every teacher prepare all the steps thoroughly, so that in case one instructor is absent another can take his place, and thus prevent the work from being broken into.

## THE CHEERFULNESS OF DEATH.

**M**OST people, even most Christian people, shrink from death. In sermons and hymns, and in literature, it is generally represented as repulsive. It is spoken of as "death's cold stream," the "last enemy," the "dark valley of the shadow of death," and the "terrors of death" are pictured in vivid terms. For the Saints at least, this is all wrong.

So far as the physical aspect of death is concerned, the universal teaching of physicians is that the process of dying is rarely painful or even unwelcome to the patient, though full of sorrow to his family. A happy unconsciousness in nearly all cases shields the dying man from pain. The weakness, the fever, the parched lips, the labored breathing are all unfelt. Most people die quietly and often imperceptibly.

"We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died"

is often true. Even when convulsive movements occur, they are entirely independent of consciousness; merely physical in origin and character, and absolutely unattended by any suffering.

If, then, death is not an unpleasant process physically, why should it be feared from the spiritual side? See what it does for the servant of God.

It frees him from accident, sickness and suffering, to which his body has been liable all his life, and from which he has often suffered, sometimes intensely and for long periods of time.

It frees him from all sorrow. No one who has reached even adolescence escapes sorrow. To many, sorrows are multiplied manifold and bear down even the stoutest heart. The "weary" and the "heavy laden" make up the mass of mankind.

It opens the gates of heaven to him. While we know nothing accurately of the details of the heavenly life, we do know that there we shall live in eternal bliss; there we shall be in the presence of God Himself; there we shall see and know intimately our Lord Jesus Christ; there we shall be filled with the Holy Spirit; there we shall meet the Saints of all ages: there we shall be reunited to the dear ones who have happily preceded us; there will come in due time the dear ones we have left on earth; there our minds will expand beyond our present comprehension; there all the unsolved problems of earth will be clear as day; there we shall learn why perplexity, disappointment and trouble were our lot on earth and were needful for the orderly and sufficient development of our character, and of God's large plans not only for us, but for the race; there, in a word, all that is evil will vanish away and all that is good will be ours forever.

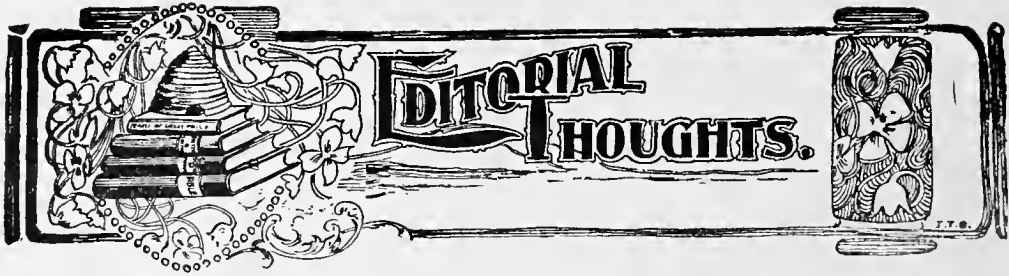
If death, then, is not a painful, unpleasant process, and if it does for us so much, it should be, not the last enemy, but our best friend. We should not speak of the terrors of death, but should feel in our very hearts the cheerfulness of death.

*Adapted from "The Outlook."*



### OBEDIENT BOBBY.

Little Bobby has been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and, as Bobby is very obedient, he remained silent, although much affected. "Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate." "Won't you have mine, papa?" cried little Bobby; "it is very clean."



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - DEC. 1, 1903.

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IN GOOD COMPANY.



AT the recent semi-annual conference, Elder B. H. Roberts spoke at some length upon the new phase that modern criticism had undertaken to place upon the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Prophet had been dealt with and explained by every known theory of human invention, but psychology had not yet been given its opportunity to explain the

Prophet, so a Mr. Riley in his application for the degree of Ph. D. undertook in his thesis to explain the Prophet psychologically and arrived at the conclusion

that Joseph must have been, indeed was, an epileptic.

The following is Mr. Riley's explanation taken from his book, "The Founder of Mormonism," page 69:

"Thurlow Weed, when first Joseph submitted to him the Book of Mormon, said that he was either crazy or a very shallow impostor. There is no call for so harsh a judgement: the visionary seizures were not consequent on dementia, nor were they feigned. There is a truer and, at the same time, more charitable explanation,—it is, in a word, that Joseph Smith, Jr., was an epileptic. Previous nondiscovery of this condition is no disproof of its validity. The boy's parents were entirely ignorant of natural causes: his father believed in witchcraft, his mother was more conversant with demons than with diseases. \* \* \*

Steeped in ignorance and superstition, it was not to be expected that the parents could diagnose the case. It required keener eyes than theirs to locate the trouble, inasmuch as veritable epileptic fits may be so slight and transitory, that bystanders do not notice them, and the patient himself underrates them."

In other words, ordinary people could not understand a fit even if they saw one. It took psychology to explain what ordinary mortals could not see. What a convenient thing it is to dump all the incomprehensibles into the science of psychology, besides it does not hurt psychology as it deals so much with incomprehensibles, and as so much of it is incomprehensible except to a se-

lect few it may be used as a last resort to unravel the mysteries of life.

But after all the Prophet is in good company, for the Apostle Paul himself was a madman; and we have the direct testimony of Festus, who when Paul was addressing Agrippa declared, "Paul thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." Paul's madness was so apparent that the aid of modern psychology was not necessary to detect his mental aberrations.

Then again Mr. Riley would have no difficulty in discovering the mental shortcomings of the Master. He would not have to confine himself to the testimony of the Scribes who declared that Jesus had Beelzebub in Him, but he would have the assurance of the friends of Jesus that He was "beside Himself." The epilepsy of the Master, therefore, must have been a much more extreme case than that of the Prophet Joseph, because the ignorant friends of Jesus could detect it, and it was beyond the detection of his ignorant parents in the case of the Prophet.

Perhaps if our learned friend had gone a little further and explained on a psychological basis the madness of Paul and Jesus, the authorities of a great university would not only have been glad to confer upon him the somewhat ordinary degree Ph. D. but the extraordinary degree of L. L. D.

Ingersoll, a very learned man, discovered that John the Revelator was a lunatic. There is nothing strange, after all, that men who do not go about doing

the things that everybody else does should be thought mad.

Henry Drummond, a great religious writer and a man of science, declares that a holy life is always a phenomenon. "The world knoweth it not. It is either supernatural or morbid. For what is being beside oneself?

"What is madness? It is eccentricity—ec-centr-icity—having a different center from other people \* \* \* \* The whole spiritual life to the natural man is an eccentric thing. Take such a manifestation, for instance, as prayer. The scientific men of the day have examined it and pronounced it hallucination. Or take public prayer. A congregation of people with bowed heads, shut eyes, hushed voices, invoking, confessing, pleading, entreating one who, though not seen, is said to see, who, speaking not, is said to answer. There is no other name for this incantation from the world's standpoint than eccentricity, delusion, madness. We are not ashamed of the terms."

This new characterization of the Prophet Joseph is, after all, an additional evidence of his divine calling; for were not the Apostles, on the day of Pentecost, drunken with sweet wine, and did the Jews not say of Christ, "He hath a devil and is mad. Why hear ye Him?" In the eyes of their enemies, Paul the Apostle, John the Revelator, and Jesus were all mad, so the Prophet after all is in good company when placed in the same category with these ancient worthies by Mr. Riley.



### CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



COULD the ages speak, how much they would reveal! but centuries succeed centuries, man flourishes

for a little season, leaves a few traces of his existence in mortality, then a silence falls and he is forgotten."

These are some of the thoughts that the great cathedral at Canterbury inspires. Such magnificent architecture, yet history records that the workmen engaged in its erection were only paid a penny a day.

Canterbury is fifty-five miles from London. It is situated on the River Stour, which flows into the sea at Pegwell Bay. It was most probably founded in the days of the ancient Britons, but had grown to be a city of

who was murdered at the altar of the cathedral.

Canterbury is still an object of considerable interest to tourists. They visit the cathedral, the churches of St. Martin and St. Nicholas, the College of St. Augustine, the "Dane John" and the remains of the old Roman wall which once surrounded the city.

Canterbury is the ecclesiastical center of the Anglican Church. The see was founded A. D. 597, at the time that



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

some importance by the days of Julius Caesar. Roman remains are still found in St. Martin's Church and other places within its borders. The city was burned and sacked by the Danes, and later, during the middle ages, it was visited by immense numbers of pilgrims who came, not only from all parts of England, but from distant parts of Europe to visit the shrine of Thomas a'Becket

Augustine was sent to England by Pope Gregory. Its archbishop is the primate of all England. The city is somewhat progressive, electric lights having been lately introduced; on the other hand the sewerage is very faulty, as open cess-pools, covered only by heavy iron bars, can be seen at so many of the corners.

The cathedral is one of the most

interesting buildings in the world. It is in the form of a double cross. There are two western towers, the Arundel and the Chichele or Oxford steeples, and the Central Tower, two hundred and thirty-five feet high, usually known as the "Bell Harry Tower."

The cathedral was originally founded by Augustine. Later it was plundered by the Danes, but was rebuilt in the eleventh century. In 1174 the choir was burned, but that was also rebuilt, and the church extended eastward.

The western transepts, nave, and the towers are perpendicular. They were mostly built in the period between 1387 and 1411, the central tower being finished in 1498. The total interior length of the cathedral is five hundred and fourteen feet.

But list! service is being held. The chanting of the choir echoes and re-echoes through the arches, sweetly, faintly, as though it came from far away. The immense length of the building, added to its height, accounts for this floating of the sound, which reverberates no matter what part of the building one is in.

The music by the boy choir is touching. The anthem is sung by a sweet soprano voice, deeper, richer tones being added. Then the chanting of the service of the church of England, each portion being concluded with the "Amen," attracts the attention of the worshipers, who solemnly and fervently join in its utterance. The priest is conducted up the centre of the choir, by a verger carrying the Bishop's mitre, and ascends the reading desk, where he reads portions from the "Good Old Book," of which many present cannot hear a single word. This is the first lesson. After more singing and chanting, another priest is conducted up to the same place where he reads another portion, which is the second les-

son, but what was taught would be difficult indeed to find out.

More chanting follows: all standing facing the east, they chant: "We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then follows the prayer for the king and all the royal family. A priest chants portions from the prayer book, then all is finished. The boys in their black and white robes file out, then we arise to look over the building, and learn some of its history.

We were informed that the chanting of the service has only been introduced in later years; that it has added much to the interest taken, as under the old style of reading, and saying over the same things day by day so few attended. It is a happy thought, indeed, as music always charms, especially sacred music.

Immediately at the back of where we sat, in a large space allowed for the purpose, is the effigy of a cardinal, dressed in his crimson robes of state, his sceptre in his hand, a crown upon his head, cut in solid stone. He looks the personification of robust health, all earthly power and offices of state being added thereto, the features expressing entire satisfaction with life, which showers such abundance on the rich cardinal. Crimson and gold! how it glitters and attracts the eye!

Directly under this illustration of pomp and plenty is an effigy in repose of the same personage, stripped of life and all earthly possessions, cut out of a dull grey stone; only a portion of cloth falling over his loins, cheeks sunken to the bones, deep cavities in his chest, every feature expressing the terror of death, he lies at length; and O, what a contrast! It is meant as an object lesson, to teach all men what they come to before leaving this world, and truly appalled many turn away.

The Archbishop's Throne is almost opposite on the other side of the building and is indeed an imposing one. It is never occupied except by himself. Its trimmings of dark red velvet, surmounted by the rich gilding of the canopy overhead must indeed be costly. The stand whereon his book lies, with deep red velvet cushions for its resting place, and gold cord and tassels, add much to its distinguished beauty. Strange thoughts fill me; all this grandeur for mortal man, whose breath is only as the passing breeze; all these people singing and chanting the name of Jesus, who was so humble and despised, when on earth. Who played the organ, who sang, when He taught the way of life eternal? Only the poor accepted of the gift He offered unto all. Can such things have been omitted by the historians, both inspired and profane? No! He the King of heaven, had no sceptre, no mag-

nificent throne, that none other was worthy to occupy on the earth.

But on the streets of that loved Jerusalem, by the shores of Galilee, on the Mount of Olives, and on the by-ways and highways, there the words were uttered that thunder yet down the stream of time, "I am the resurrection and the life." "I came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

There were costly synagogues then, but He was cast out, and all that believed on him. There was a temple, whose grandeur was indescribable, but He had no part nor portion therein. True, He could not sanction the evil things done there, it being openly and flagrantly desecrated, so He in the power and might of an offended God, scourged out the money changers, and the sellers of doves, and other merchants with their wares.

*Lydia D. Alder.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT STUDIES.

### THE DECLINE OF JUDAISM.

**T**HE Old Testament is closed with the reforms of Nehemiah and the prophecies of Malachi. No more prophets arose until the coming of the Baptist, and what happened during those intermediate years is learned from the apocryphal and profane writings of the time.

During the first years of the Grecian ascendancy, the Jews lived in comparative quiet in their own secluded valleys. Only one incident of importance is noted in the Judean history. Eliashib—high

priest at the time of Nehemiah—was succeeded in the high priesthood by Judas, and he by John. The latter was jealous of the influence of his brother, Jesus, with Bagoses, the Persian governor, and therefore slew the unoffending brother within the precincts of the temple. Bagoses came in great indignation to Jerusalem, forced his way into the temple, and laid a heavy fine upon the whole people.

At length, however, the peaceful life was interrupted by the invasion of Alex-



ander the Great. After having demolished Tyre, Alexander proceeded to Gaza, and thence to Jerusalem. The Jews submitted while he was yet on the way; and Alexander, it is said, bestowed great favor upon them. At the death of Alexander, Judea came into possession of one of his generals: but he was defeated by Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who attempted to take the whole of Syria. He besieged Jerusalem on the Sabbath; and the Jews, so severe now in their observance of the law, offered no resistance. One hundred thousand persons were deported to Alexandria and to Cyrene. Later, Ptolemy endeavored to conciliate the Jews. Thirty thousand men were enlisted in the army, and all the important posts in their own land were confided to Jews. The strife for certain important territories continued between the kings of Egypt and of Syria; but, fortunately, Jerusalem escaped the horrors of war. For twenty-one years Onias, the high priest, administered the public affairs of Judea. He was succeeded by Simon, surnamed the Just. The death of Simon marked the commencement of peril and disaster. There were moments of evil portent, say the Rabbins; as, for example, the scapegoat, when it was thrown from a high rock, escaped into the desert instead of being immediately dashed to pieces. The sacrifices became unfavorable, the great west light of the golden lampstand ceased to burn with a steady flame; the sacrificial fire languished; and in other ways future misfortunes and calamities were announced.

With the institution by Seleucus of the Syro-Persian empire, Jerusalem was placed in the unenviable position of a weak province between two great contending monarchies. Still the Jews lived in profound peace, and enjoyed royal favor, during the reign of the three

first Ptolemies. Near the end of the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes, however, the prosperity of the nation was endangered by the indolence and misconduct of the high priest Onias II., son of Simon the Just. The payment of the yearly tribute had been neglected, and the Egyptian king threatened to take the land and divide it among his soldiers. Joseph, a nephew of the high priest, was sent to Egypt to conciliate the king. Joseph gained great favor at the Egyptian court, and through his ingenious schemes became farmer of the revenues of Judea, Samaria, Phoenicia and Coele-syria. Joseph continued in the office of tax-collector for twenty-two years, when Antiochus the Great invaded Palestine. Antiochus was defeated by Ptolemy Philopator. Philopator became embittered against the Jewish people because he was refused admittance to the temple, and again began a severe persecution of them. In the reign of the next Ptolemy, Antiochus the Great again invaded Judea and took it. The Syrian issued a decree favorable to the nation, and was hailed as a deliverer.

Judea's greatest danger lay in the unprincipled ambition of her own rulers. The revenue-farmer, Joseph, had eight sons. The youngest of these, Hyrcanus, was sent on a mission to Egypt, to congratulate Ptolemy Philopator on the birth of a son. Hyrcanus appropriated his father's wealth, and by his cleverness, obtained great favor at the court. On his return to Jerusalem, Hyrcanus was assaulted by his brothers, and in the fray two of them were killed. Hyrcanus retreated beyond the Jordan where he became tax-collector. At the death of Joseph there arose a bitter feud between the high priest Onias III., who had taken part with the elder brothers against Hyrcanus, and Simon, a son of Joseph, the governor of the temple.

Simon fled to the Persian court and represented that there were incalculable treasures in the Jewish temple. Seleucus was, at that time, in great need of means to meet the exactions of the Romans. The royal treasurer, Heliodorus, was, therefore, immediately dispatched to Jerusalem to take possession of the opportune find. But the temple treasures were saved by a miracle. As Heliodorus advanced to pillage the temple, a horse, with a terrible rider in gold armor, rushed into the court, and smote at the officer with his fore-feet. On either side of the rider stood a young man of great strength and beauty, and they scourged the trespasser violently. Simon, however, denounced the miracle as an imposition. There arose turbulent factions in the city. The party of Simon committed several murders. The welfare of the people demanded that Onias should go to Antioch and seek the mediation of the king.

At about that time, Antiochus—surnamed Epiphanes, the illustrious or Epiphanes, the madman, because of his wild and extravagant habits—ascended the throne of Syria. Joshua, the brother of Onias, secured from Epiphanes for the sum of three hundred and sixty talents the office of high priest at Jerusalem. Onias was detained at Antioch, and Joshua, who adopted the Greek name Jason, proceeded to strengthen his own position by undermining that of the nation. He built a gymnasium in which the youths of Judea were trained in Grecian education, and taught to forget the customs of their fathers. He allowed the service of the temple to fall into disuse, and went even so far as to send a contribution to the games at Lyre in honor of the Greek deity Hercules. Jason was, however, soon displaced. Another Onias, called also Menelaus, outbid him for the high priesthood. Menelaus found, however, that the extrava-

gance of Jason had exhausted the national treasury. In order to make the promised payments to Antioch, the new high priest purloined the sacred vessels of the temple, and sold them at Tyre. This act of sacrilege fired the zeal of the displaced Onias and of the citizens of Jerusalem. Onias was, however, put to death; and in an insurrection which followed, Lysimachus, the brother of Menelaus, was slain.

In the meantime, Antiochus Epiphanes had begun his campaign against Egypt. He met with great success and subdued the whole country; but a false rumor that he had died in battle was spread in Jerusalem. Jason the former high priest, thereupon revolted, took the city, shut up Menelaus in a tower, and revenged himself in a barbarous manner upon the opposite party. The revolt was reported to Antiochus as an insurrection of the whole nation. He proceeded at once to Jerusalem and took it with little difficulty. Forty thousand people were put to the sword, and as many more sold as slaves. Antiochus entered every part of the temple, pillaged the treasury, and seized the sacred vessels. He sacrificed a great sow upon the altar of burnt offering, caused a part of the flesh to be boiled, and sprinkled the liquor of the unclean beast all over the temple. Thus, what was to the Jew the one holy place in all the world, was defiled. The odious Jason escaped. He died unwept and reviled at Lacedaemon.

Two years later, Antiochus was expelled from Egypt by the Romans. To suppress any spirit of independence among his own subjects, he commanded the extermination of the whole Jewish nation. Apollonius to whom was entrusted the massacre, fell upon the people on the Sabbath day, murdered the men till the streets ran with blood, and took captive the women. The city he pillaged and partly burned, and he threw

down the walls. Next, Antiochus determined to establish a uniformity of worship throughout his empire. Samaria submitted; the temple on Mount Gerizim was dedicated to Jupiter Xenius. The Jewish religion was suppressed in Jerusalem. The people were forced to profane the Sabbath and to eat swine's flesh. The temple of Jehovah was dedicated to Jupiter Olympus. Two women, who had circumcised their children, were hung in the middle of the city with their children around their necks; and many other atrocious crimes were com-

mitted. From Jerusalem, the persecution spread over the whole country. The same barbarous cruelties were perpetrated in every city and town. And finally, the Jews were forced to participate in the orgies of the licentious and odious feasts of Bacchanalia, which were substituted for the feasts and sacred days of the Jews.

At this crisis, when the Jewish religion seemed about to be subverted Providence raised up the Maccabees. How they saved Judaism and the Jewish nation, will appear in the next lesson.



### NEWS FROM JAPAN.

TOKYO, JAPAN, October 19, 1903.

*Elder George Reynolds.*

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I am happy in having the privilege of addressing a few lines to you, and in reporting that the Elders laboring in Hojo, a small town about sixty miles south of here, have organized a Sunday School, the members of which are all non-members of the Church. Their report is as follows: "You will no doubt be pleased to learn that we held a Sunday School yesterday morning, October 4th. There was an attendance of seventeen, and although we would liked to have had more, all things considered, we think it was a pretty fair success. Most of the younger children were here before time, so we started promptly at ten o'clock. According to our plans, after the opening exercises, Brother Caine, who was to take charge of the older students, adjourned to another room with a class of six. He took up the life of Christ, which he will continue in a systematic way. In my (Elder Jarvis) class there were eleven present from the ages of three to nine. Most of them paid good attention. I took up the subject of Joseph being sold into Egypt, but first explained to them who God is. We were both greatly blessed in our efforts, enjoying freedom of speech, the children seeming to understand what was said. The session lasted just one hour, and we think, considering it was our first effort, we did pretty well."

Among those who have joined the Church

here, is a young man, Brother Yoshiro Oyama, who, when he first heard of us and our teachings (through a so-called Christian missionary) was very much opposed to us. He attended a meeting we were holding at the home of a friend, and being invited to speak, said: "I do not think Mormonism is a good thing for this country. I think the government ought to prevent it from being taught to the people of this nation, I am studying Mormonism so that I can successfully and intelligently oppose it. I want facts so that when I make a statement it cannot be refuted. It may not be polite for me to express my mind so plainly, but you will know by this that I am not a hypocrite and am working openly."

He did as he said he was doing studied Mormonism, but he found truth instead of error, and being an honest man, accepted the truth when he found it, with the result that, one year ago he became a defender of the Faith, and today is a faithful Saint. Apostle Grant, just prior to his return to America, ordained him to the office of a Priest, and the Lord is blessing him in his calling. At our meeting held one week ago he delivered one of the most pleasing discourses it has ever been my privilege to hear. He spoke almost an hour, telling of his experiences, exhorting all present to give heed to the teachings of the elders, for "they are the servants of God." He has been an honest tithe payer, and when paying his tithing last month, he handed me a letter which I quote in full, as

it breathes the true spirit of the man and expresses his feelings respecting the Church. It is as follows:

"President and Brethren: I will now write and tell you that I am thankful to God for all blessings. I also thank you for all the prayers you offer in my behalf. I thank God for all the teachings I have received in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since I became a Saint, I know that God in His goodness has sent the prophet Joseph Smith to gather all people from the world. God blessed me when I repented, was baptized and received the Holy Ghost. Dear Brethren, the most important thing for me to do is to do my duty and obey the American missionaries, who have been sent from the headquarters of the Church. I believe that they have authority from heavenly God. This is my feeling and there is no other. Japanese people who go to church want to learn English language or to ask for something. What a bad custom Japanese have! But brethren I have not these customs. I love my country and everything here, but I do not like Japanese church people. I thank God for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Some of his expressions are rather peculiar, but I am sure his heart is right. On the 11th inst., we baptized a young man who has manifested an equally humble spirit, and I feel will do much to assist us in furthering the purposes of God among the people of his nativity.

Your brethren and sisters in this land are well and happy and rejoice in seeing the word of the Lord commencing to take hold of the hearts of the people. We have many friends, a number of whom are investigating our message, and I am sure will soon join with us.

I take a lively interest in all the Board is doing and rejoice exceedingly in witnessing the advancement being made along the lines of Sunday School work. I trust that it may be my happy privilege to again be associated with the work; for I look back upon my labors in the Sunday School cause, as the most pleasant of my life.

Remember me kindly to the brethren, for all of whom I have the highest regards.

Your brother in the Gospel,

*Horace S. Eusign.*



#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR SWEARING.



A WAGON, heavily laden, was stalled in the middle of a rutty road. The driver, a powerful

man, was using efforts to extricate it—by blows of the whip on the knees of the horses, and oaths without number, loud, deep and horrible; the horses refused to budge. The blows grew more violent, the imprecations more frightful.

Suddenly a meek-looking priest came on the scene, his soul shrinking at the blasphemies.

"My dear man," he said in the gentlest accents, "you are a Christian, are you not?"

"Well, yes, father, I claim to be one," replied the man, rather embarrassed.

"In your anxiety about your horses it is likely you had forgotten it," said the priest; "otherwise you would never have been willing to offend the good God so deeply. Do not swear, I am going to help you."

The man growled something. The priest took the whip from his hand and, cracking it with great noise through the air, cried out in a powerful voice:

"Get up, *Quatre-vingt-quatorze!*"

The words had a magical effect. The horses lifted their feet from the mud, the wagon creaked and moved. In a few moments priest and driver walked, well satisfied, beside the team.

"Now you see, my friend," said the priest, returning the whip, "you see everything goes better when one does not use profane language. Just choose some sonorous word—no matter what, so that it be not an imprecation; crack your whip loudly in the air instead of upon the horses' knees, and you will not offend God, while your horses will go without trouble."

Since that time, the laborers in that parish spur on their beasts, and that effectually, with the magical words *Quatre-vingt-quatorze*. *Exchange.*

All that we ever did were but as dust  
Without these simple words—hope, love and trust.  
*William W. Story.*



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THOUGHTS AND WORKS FOR A HAPPY THANKSGIVING DAY.



ON the street, in one of the wards of Salt Lake City, some years ago, a group of happy children were going home from school. With light hearts and active bodies, they went skipping along, until they were but a short distance from their homes.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and it had been suggested by their school teachers for them to *think* of something they might do for some one who was poor and in need of comfort. And then, to *do* the good work which would come into their minds; and thus, by helping to make some one else happy, they would add to their own pleasures and happiness, whatever they might be.

Suddenly the eldest, a bright boy of twelve, seemed to be thinking very seriously. Presently he called the attention of the others and said, "I've thought of something we can do! My mama knows a poor widow woman, who is old and has to work hard for a living. What do you say to our asking our mothers to let us take something to her for a Thanksgiving dinner?"

Cries of "All right!" "Agreed!" "Let's do it!" came from the others, as they now hastened on their way to lay their plans before their mothers, get their

approval, and see what each mother was willing to allow them to take to the widow.

It was also agreed that they should put the things into an express wagon belonging to one of them, and all go together to take them to the old lady.

They went to work with a will to accomplish their little design, their hearts brimming over with joy, as they thought of the pleasure they would take to one humble home.

In one of the lower wards of the city lived an old lady alone, save one little granddaughter. Her furrowed cheek and whitening hair, and the sad and careworn face told too plainly of a hard struggle with poverty and toil.

It was nearing the close of the day. They had eaten their scanty evening meal in silence, and as the old lady busied herself about the one small room, which served them for both bed and living room, her thoughts would revert to the time when she had the strong, willing arm of a loving husband to lean upon. Then, they had a comfortable home and a happy fireside, and how she used to enjoy the Thanksgiving dinner with its turkey and pumpkin pies, and all the loved ones who would share the blessings with her. The contrast between then and now was so great that she could scarcely keep her tears from falling. And not wishing to sadden the heart of her little grandchild, she

persuaded her to go to bed earlier than usual.

After a few moments of silence a little piping voice was heard from the bed. "Oh Grandma!" it said.

"What, my child?" "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, ain't it?" "Yes, my pet."

"What have we got for dinner?"

"A little bread, and some cold meat."

A short pause, and then, "Well, we are poor," came from the little lips, with a heavy sigh.

As the old lady was preparing to light her lamp she thought she heard foot-steps at her door. Then came a low knock. She paused and said "Come in."

The door was quietly opened in the dusk, and she thought she could distinguish several forms. Wondering who it could be, she lighted her lamp and placed it upon the table. Then turning she saw a bright faced boy standing in the door, cap in hand, and he was saying, "Sister M. —, we have brought you something for Thanksgiving. Our mothers said we might, and we have done so."

The poor old lady was so surprised she could not understand at first. But finally she found voice to speak, and she asked, "Who are you, and who are your mothers?" (seeing the group of children clustered at the door).

The boy who seemed to be spokesman for the crowd, answered thus, "I am Eddie K., this is Afton K., and these are Karna and Clayton T."

"Well, come in to the light," said the confused old lady.

So in they went, taking the little express wagon with them, which was quickly unloaded before her astonished eyes.

There was a pound of butter, a paper of raisins, a tin pail full of sugar, a generous piece of meat, besides a chicken, a

piece of cheese, two or three bottles of fruit and a jar of preserves.

The little girl in the bed, raised on her elbow so that she could see it all, watched with wide, glad eyes, and could hardly keep from clapping her hands and shouting with delight, which she did, as soon as the boys were gone.

The old lady was so overcome she could only say, "I cannot tell you how much I thank you all!" And as the children passed out, wishing her good-night, she sank into a chair and cried as though her heart would break.

"But," she said, in talking to the parents of the children afterwards, "my tears were tears of joy, and my heart was filled with thankfulness, to think that the Lord would put into the hearts of those good children, to bring all those things to me, who felt so lonely and friendless a few moments before!"

It was quite dark when the children reached their homes, and they found their mothers standing at the gate, anxiously watching for them. When told that their mothers were afraid something had happened to them, "Why mama!" said one, "as if the Lord would let any thing happen to us while on such an errand as we were!"

Dear children, this is but a simple little story, but it is a true one; and it may give some of you a thought of the surest way of being truly happy.

S. C. P.

#### SPELLING IN THE NURSERY.

"G-u-n," said Grace to Willie,

"What does that spell?"

"I don't know."

He is three and she is seven.

"G-u-n! Goose?"

"Oh dear no!"

"Rooster? Boy? Stick?"

Each time Gracie shook her curly head.

"'Taint conundrums I'm giving you,

But a lesson-word instead.

When a little boy shoots at a rabbit,  
What goes off?"

Gracie said, her face a study,  
As she quelled a little cough,  
Thinking he would surely guess it.  
"You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse  
Talking to you.

What goes off?"

Why the rabbit does, of course."

Maud Brundage,

## HALO AND OTHERS.

### CHAPTER XIX.

*Parable of the great supper—Halo goes  
to school—Parable of the fish of all  
kinds—The Pearl of Great Price—  
What is expected of a true disciple.*

If I would others kindly help along,  
I must not think too much of "little number one;"  
Yet, I must see, with care, that my own work is  
done;

Help myself first, then others to be strong.  
First, my own failings I must see and mend,  
Then shall I worthy be to aid a friend.

IN Mrs. Ray's dining room, she had a black-board placed on an easel, in a handy position for Halo's use. There he wrote or ciphered, or drew pictures, very much as he pleased, being helped with his lessons by either his father or mother, whenever he found it necessary to call on them.

Among the acquaintances of the Rays was a poor, hard working woman who had three children. These poor people often felt lonely and friendless; and they were frequently invited to spend an evening and eat a meal at Halo's home. Sometimes, too, the youngest of the three children, a boy a little older than Halo, would come and have lessons with him, and the two boys would very much enjoy writing, drawing, and working out sums on the black-board.

On such occasions as Thanksgiving and Christmas, Halo was always happier in sharing the good things with which he

was blest, than he could have been in keeping them all for himself.

One evening when the little boy was visiting him, and they had eaten supper, Halo was looking up things in his Bible to interest them. He found a picture like the one with the man driving the oxen; and from the fourteenth chapter of Luke, he read the following lines, from the words of the Savior. "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed the lame, the blind:

"And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. \* \* \* \* \*

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many:

"And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

"And they all, with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.

"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. \* \*

So that servant came and shewed his Lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. \* \* \* \* \* For I say unto you, that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."

Halo and his playmate talked this matter over, after the reading; and his visitor said

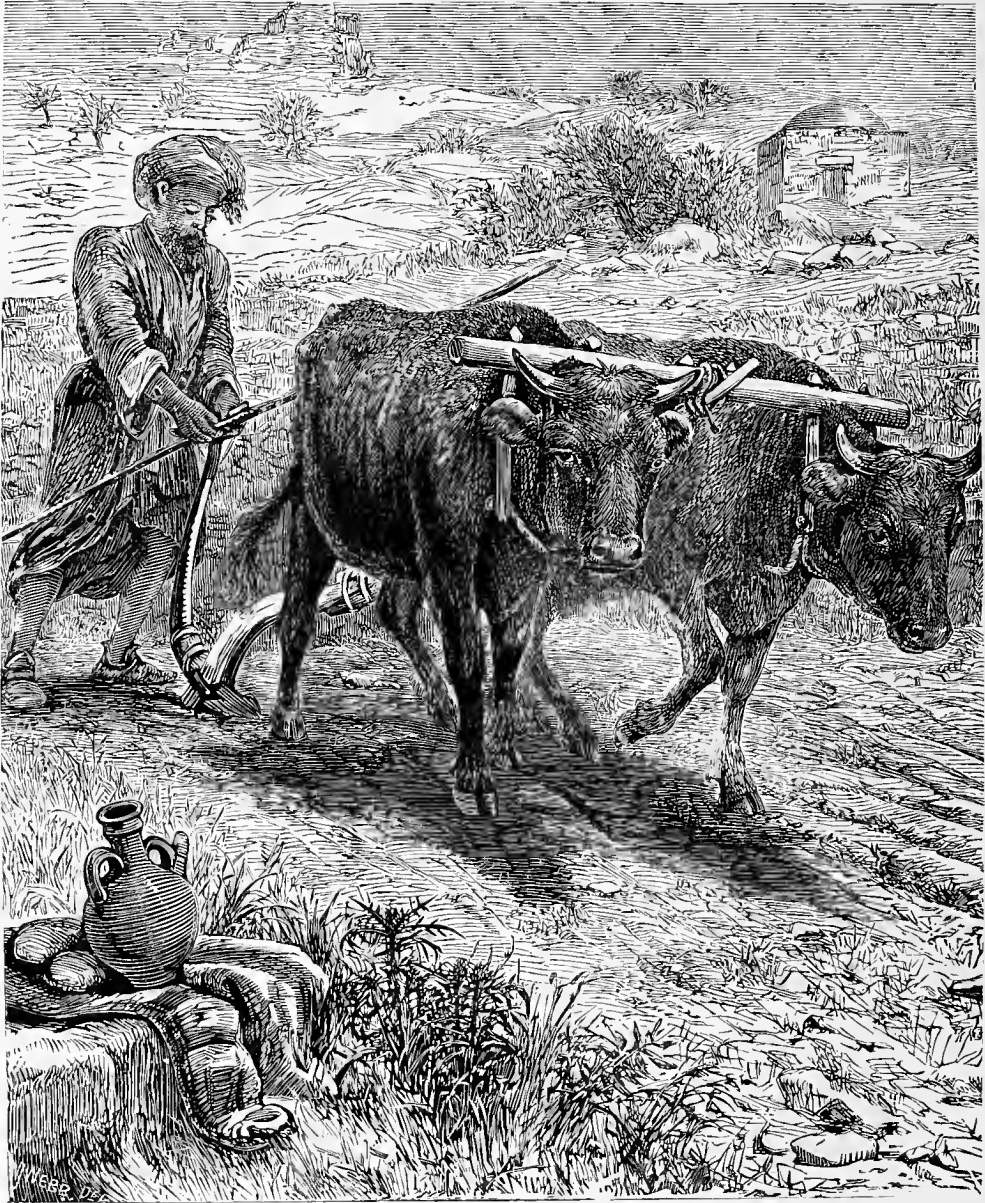


"Do you know, I think your father and mother do about what the Savior intended to teach in that lesson?"

Halo was older when he first went to school than most children are now-a-days when they begin their school education. But he had learned so well at

home that he gave his teachers no trouble, and could keep up with his classes without difficulty. His father and mother were made very glad because of good reports given by his teachers.

One day a lady teacher called on Les-



"I GO TO PROVE MY OXEN." "HAVE ME EXCUSED."

sie and gave her an excellent account of Halo's efforts and accomplishments in school. She was to lose him out of her room, as he was to be promoted, and

she felt very sorry to have him leave her classes, but glad to have him advanced.

Lessie was delighted, as any mother would have been, to hear her little



FISH OF ALL KINDS.

son so highly commended by his school teacher.

Halo was not present during the conversation of the two ladies. But when the visitor was gone, he joined his mother and read the parable of the fish of every kind from the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, beginning at verse 47.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind:

"Which when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.

"So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from the just."

After reading the parable, Halo studied the picture accompanying it a little while, and told his mother that it was something like a school, too; there were so many different kinds of children sent to be taught. Some of them were as good as they could be, he thought. Others were not so good, and some were quite bad. He said he would not like to be the one to decide which lot some of the children should be placed in, the good or the bad.

In Sunday School, Lessie taught in a class that was studying the Pearl of Great Price. Finding his mother using that book at home, Halo looked into it himself. Discovering in it the copy of characters from the Book of Abraham, he wanted an explanation of their meaning. This led to an interesting conversation on the subject between the mother and son. And after that the Pearl of Great Price shared frequently in Halo's companionship and careful consideration.

But Lessie thought nothing much of Halo's reading that book sometimes, until her attention was attracted to the fact that he was learning from it, by a fitting remark which he made.

An elderly gentleman who often came in and talked with Lessie, was one day questioning about a certain principle which it seemed hard for him to understand. "Do you suppose," he asked, "that our Heavenly Father intends any of us to go right ahead and do things simply because they are indicated to us as being His will, when we do not know of any reason why He wants them done, and no explanation is given to us?"

Halo was studying his school lessons by the desk, and his mother had no idea that he was listening to the conversation, until he turned quietly round and said, "Why yes, Brother Blank; that principle has always been a true one. You can read in the Pearl of Great Price that Adam, after he was driven out of the garden of Eden, built an altar and offered sacrifice. An angel came to him and asked him why he was doing that, and Adam said he did not know, only the Lord had commanded him to do it."

"That is so, my little friend!" said the elderly man, "that principle is correct but I never got it through my head before in that way. That settles some difficulties which have bothered me a great deal. Yes, it must be that if a man is to be a true disciple of Christ, he must be willing to yield obedience to the principles of righteousness without questioning, whether he can understand all about matters or not."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

L. L. G. R.

### **"PRAY ALWAYS."**

#### **An Experience with a Rattlesnake.**

THE company started out a little late in the afternoon, and traveled north, but as night came on they camped at the foot of a large hill. Early next morning they traveled on, and before long they had reached a nice little val-

ley through which was running a stream of clear water, and in which were growing pine and cedar trees and scrub oak bushes.

Glad were they to get away from the warm climate in which they had been, and to spend a few days in the cool, mountain air.

The children would run around and pick acorns and roast them, and then take the shells for dishes in their play, and they gathered a few pine-nut balls here and there; but most of all they gathered pine gum.

They had been in several different directions for gum, and one day Kate said to Nellie, "Come on, let us go over in this direction this time, (pointing to the west) we have not been there yet."

"All right," replied Nellie, "I think that would be a good plan."

The two girls started out in the direction mentioned, and while walking along, Kate said, "I think we had better be careful out here, as we have not been this way before."

"Yes, that is what mama said," replied the other. "And don't you think we had better kneel down and ask our Heavenly Father to take care of us?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kate, "that is just what I have been thinking of."

Then both girls kneeled down and in humbleness asked God to take care of them. Then rising they walked on feeling much better, and soon began to run around and gather gum.

Suddenly there came a cry of alarm from Kate who had just dropped a large piece of gum on the ground and was stooping to pick it up. Scarcely had she looked down when she saw a large rattlesnake coiled up before her with its head sticking straight up as if it were going to strike at her, and then came such a rattling sound as she never heard before. Both girls, screaming with fright,

ran as fast as they could until they reached camp, never stopping to look behind them. Yet even in their great alarm, they were thankful they had prayed as they did, for they felt that in answer to their prayers, they were saved from a terrible death.

On reaching camp they told their "snake" story, and Kate's father went in search of the rattler, but could find no trace of it, although guided by the frightened girls.

After they had gone back to camp again, and the girls were nearly over their fright, Nellie said, "I think God has been real good to us in sparing our lives."

"And I, too," said Kate, "and I shall never forget it as long as I live."

*Little Tot.*



#### THE LETTER BOX.

**Mama has a Store.**

OAKLEY, IDAHO.

I take much pleasure in writing to my little friends. I have six sisters and one brother. Our mama is the owner of a millinery store. We go to Sunday School and Primary. And we take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and enjoy reading it very much. I am 11 years old.

Your new friend,

VINA TINSLEY.



**Fine Times in the Canyon—Grandpa's New House.**

GRANTSVILLE, TOOELE CO., UTAH.

My papa has been on a mission in the south. He owns a saw-mill. We have a fine time in the canyon. That is where we spend almost all of the summers. We play in the sawdust and run down the hills and go up to where papa gets the logs he saws. There are eight of us in the family, counting papa and mama.

Grandpa has a new house nearly fin-

ished. They will soon move into it. We shall be very pleased to see them in their new home. My age is ten years.

LEAH ROBINSON.

#### Visiting the Sheep Camp.

My home is in Menan, Idaho. I am seven years old. I am up at the sheep camp and like to be here. When I am at home I like to go to Sunday School.

LEWIS W. POOL.

#### A New Baby Sister.

AETNA, ALBERTA, CANADA.

It is evening. The children are all getting to bed but me. We had a little baby girl come to our house this morning about six o'clock. We all think lots of the baby. I am in the second reader at school and in the second intermediate in Sunday School. My Sunday School teachers are Sister Cox and Brother Jensen. Good night. Love to all.

PORTINEUS GREENE.

#### A Dream.

PERRY, UTAH.

For a long time I have thought that I would write to you. I have just got over the pneumonia and begun to get out again. When I was sick I had a dream, and I will tell you about it. A personage appeared to me. He anointed me with holy oil and I felt so good. And now I am well. The Elders also kindly administered to me many times. Today I have been to conference. I am nine years old.

Your loving friend,

MARY YOUNG.

#### AUTUMN COMES AND GOES.

The golden autumn comes with cheer;  
The morning zephyrs plainly speak  
Love's whisper low, with sweet perfume  
To blush the fairest maiden's cheek.

The humming bird has gone far south,  
To seek for other summer stores;  
But blackbirds, larks, and robins gay,  
Still linger round the threshing floors.

The maples on the hillsides brave,  
Present their leaves of crimson hue;  
The quakingasp in golden tint,  
All glisten with the morning dew.

The ripened grains, which o'er the fields  
Waved to and fro with every breeze,  
Have all been reaped and safely stored;  
The leaves are falling from the trees.

The husbandman with brawny arms  
Fills crib and rack with ripened corn;  
Fruits, roots, hay, fodder all are stored;  
'Tis "harvest home," this autumn morn.

The plowman, whistling cheerily,  
Prepares his soil for winter grain;  
The cattle come from off the range,  
The sheep are gathered from the plain.

All nature breathes in glad refrain,  
The oft times sweet, repeated sound,  
That Providence will bless the man,  
Who labors thus to till the ground.

His garner's full, his stacks are high,  
His cattle ornament the field;  
He thanks the Lord from day to day,  
For giving such a bounteous yield.

The hazy mists that hide the moon,  
Betoken, mild, fair weather past,  
Oh, Autumn, you are gone too soon—  
Why cannot time so beauteous last?

O. F. Ursenbach.

#### SMILES.

A little three year-old girl went to a children's party one afternoon. On her return she said to her parents:

"At the party a little girl fell through a chair to the floor. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't."

"Well, why didn't you laugh?"

"'Cause I was the one that fell through."

A little babe, beyond a doubt,  
Is bald until his hair comes out:  
And, later on, in manhood when  
His hair comes out, he's bald again,



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